

THE SWEET PEA.

Oh, what has been born in the night
To look in this little summer noont
She peers, in a dream of delight,
For something newworn or newborn.

Not spider webs under the tree,
Nor swills in their cradle of mud,
But—'Look, father, Sweet Pea,
Has two little babies in bud'—

—Vida Briss.

A DISCOVERY.

"I do not care as much about diamonds as most folks," said grandma, who had hitherto been a silent listener to a discussion which we younger people were having about gems, but our discussion instantly gave place to interest in grandma's remark, for what she had to say we generally found intensely interesting.

Polishing her glasses, grandma said: "They were associated in my mind with a youthful escapade of mine that caused me so much distress of mind that for a long time I could not bear to look upon a diamond if I could help it, for as sure as I did I experienced all the feeling of deathly faintness which overcame me when I made the startling discovery that I had lost my stepmother's jewels."

Here grandma put on her glasses and resumed her work, as if that was the end of the matter. But the clamor which followed this move on her part soon convinced her that our newly awakened interest was not to be so easily allayed or her work resumed until we had heard the story of her escapade.

"Well, you know," said grandma, "I was quite young when my mother died, and my stepmother was a woman of very good family and considerable wealth. I was the only child, and I fear, somewhat spoiled. That winter I made my debut in society, which was an event I had long looked forward to. Mother had been very indulgent to me, and not one of the bevy of buds who were to come out at the same time had a handsomer or more costly outfit than that which was ordered for me."

"But I did not have a single ornament given me for the event. Most of my companion buds had been more fortunate than myself in that respect. Some had pearls of great price bestowed upon them. A few had old fashioned gems reset for them, while one or two had confessed to borrowing from sisters already married or older friends ornaments elegant enough to wear upon that auspicious occasion, for young ladies did not in those days make their first appearance at a tea or a reception, added the old lady, with a rather disdainful curl of her lip. "A grand ball was considered the proper thing."

"Now, my stepmother had a set of magnificent diamonds which she never wore, for as she was a great sufferer from asthma she seldom went into society. She had planned, however, to appear on me, but a cold caught a few days before had brought on an unusually severe attack of her old complaint, and a friend of the family, who was bringing out her own daughter, was to take charge of me also."

"Under the circumstances I ventured to ask my stepmother to let me wear her diamonds and received a very prompt and decided refusal to my request. It is needless to say I sulked a good deal. I could not understand why she should refuse to thus complete my happiness. Of course she was right, and I was wrong, but at the time I thought I was a much abused individual."

"I poured my tale of woe into the sympathetic ears of my closest friend, Dilly Smith—Daffy Down Dilly, as we girls called her. She was not a bit like a daffodil, but a very sturdy young lady, full of spirit and resource, which she needed, being the only girl in a house full of boys."

"Won't your father come to the rescue?" said Dilly.

"But I s... look my head. I know better than to appeal to him."

"Do you know where they are kept?" she next inquired, and I acknowledged that I did.

"Help yourself," said Dilly. "She will never know it, and even if she should hear of it afterward she will overlook it, or you can do penance."

"Diamonds are your style exactly, and it is mean of her not to let you borrow a piece."

"It is not a difficult task to persuade one to follow the way their inclination leads, as mine did in that case. I knew right from wrong very decidedly, but I soon made myself believe that mother would overlook my disobedience and forgive me for taking such a liberty with her jewels."

"When one yields to a temptation, I believe things are made easier for them, at least so it seemed to me then. The very day of the ball an aunt of mine—my father's eldest sister—came from a distance to make us a short visit, and mother was consequently much occupied, so that I found an opportunity to get the diamond case out of the small iron safe in mother's room and carried it to my own chamber, where, behind locked doors, I made my selection."

"I did not intend to wear them all, my natural taste making up for my youthful inexperience. I chose a brooch, a most beautiful affair, and the earrings to match. These I made up into a tiny but solid parcel, which I slipped into the pocket of my ball dress, intending to put them on after I got to the ball."

"But as I did not dare make a second trip to the safe that day I had a place to secrete the case,

with its precious contents, under a bed, and I hid the diamonds which I had borrowed, when, all complete, I would return it to its proper place. The key, however, I must restore to its regular hiding place, as my father was accustomed to put his valuables in the safe at night, and there would be a great outcry if the key should be missing."

"Now, I never had turned a key in any drawer lock in my life. In fact, I doubt if up to that day I had ever required a place to secrete anything. My mother had free access to everything in my room. The servants were honest and trustworthy, but still I felt that I must put those gems in a secure place until the morning, and the case was bulky, oblong in shape and might attract attention. Now, in my room, the furniture of which was mostly old fashioned, was a massive old wardrobe, with a heavy cornice, supported by brass feet, and the thought suggested itself that upon the top of that my case would be secure. I at once climbed upon a chair, but even on tiptoe I could only reach the top edge of the huge old thing. So catching the case by its ends I let it slip out of my fingers, and it quickly disappeared from my view. There was a little click as it settled down on the dust covered top, and I got down from the chair just as the bell rang for luncheon."

"The proper thing, I suppose, would have been for me to be worried by the stings of conscience the rest of the day; but, strange to say, during the busy afternoon I never gave the diamonds a thought. It was not until I encountered Dilly Smith, who was leaving the dressing room just as I entered with my chaperon and her daughter, that I remembered them."

"Dilly's eyes questioned my success, and she nodded approval when I whispered that I had followed her advice. But somehow the desire to wear them was not so keen. I primped and prinked before the mirror to gain time, for, to tell the truth, I was ashamed to wear the parloined gems. Suddenly, if an attendant had not caught me, I should have fallen, for I made the startling discovery that the little package containing the diamond brooch and earrings was no longer in my pocket."

"I cannot describe the deathly sickness that overcame me when I realized that my mother's precious jewels were lost or stolen. Stolen I could not believe that they could be, but lost they certainly were, and what was to become of me? My chaperon, who had known me all my life, was goodness itself to me."

"Of course when I had recovered a little from my faintness I had to go into the ballroom, but the time I spent there was agony. The music seemed to madden me with its happy strains, and at last my chaperon sent me home."

"There I, a worn and spent young creature, a very faded and wilted bud indeed, much to my consternation, found my mother up awaiting my return. And after one look in my face that smote me to the heart—it was so full of loving compassion and grieving disappointment—she told me that she had the brooch and the earrings. With a great sob of intense relief I fell upon her bosom and asked her forgiveness."

"It seemed that while the hairdresser was engaged with me my mother had taken my aunt to look at my ball dress, and while handling it the little package fell from the pocket. She was not at all suspicious and was about to return it, when something prompted her to carry it away for private inspection. Then when she found that I had taken her diamonds without her knowledge or consent she resolved to punish me by allowing me to think that I had lost them."

"And, now," she added, "what have you done with the rest, for I found that the case was no longer in the safe?"

"Oh, mother dear," I said, "they are safe enough. I know where they are, and if you will come to my room I will hand them over with great pleasure, for indeed I never want to see them again. I have suffered so acutely for my disobedience."

"Mother followed me at once to my room, and just as I was, in my ball dress, I put a high hassock on the chair, climbed up and reached over the edge of the cornice, expecting every minute to put my hand upon the case, but to my consternation nothing met my eagerly groping fingers. For the second time that night I turned deaf and faint and sick and clung trembling to the wardrobe until my mother helped me down. She was taller, and, taking my place, with the aid of a lighted candle she scanned carefully the dusty top of the wardrobe, but the tragic look on her face told me that the case of diamonds was no longer there."

"Go to bed, child," she said. "Tomorrow we will search further. Your father must not know of this, for both our sakes. He has always insisted that the bank was the proper place for my jewels, but it was a pleasure to me to look at them as I could so seldom wear them, a pleasure which I fear I will never enjoy again, and what your father would say if he knew of this I dare not even think."

"I never knew how I put in the rest of that night, but I did not close my eyes. In the morning, after father had gone to his office and aunt had gone visiting, my mother and a servant with a high stepladder investigated that wardrobe, top, bottom and back, but nothing except dust rewarded their search."

"Then I was in deep despair. My mother was like an angel. She did not reproach me, but I saw that she did not believe that I had ever put the case upon the top of the wardrobe."

"If you had, child," she said, "it would certainly be there, as you say no one saw you do it. It could not walk away."

"That it certainly could not, mother," I replied, "but I surely put the case on the top of the wardrobe. I wish you would tell father or let me. He might be able to do something."

"But mother, good, simple soul, declined. In the meantime I did not sleep, and hardly ate, and consequently soon became a subject for the doctor. I saw that my illness puzzled my father, as hitherto I had had perfect health, but my mother was my devoted nurse and gratified every wish except to allow me to tell my father, and to divulge to him my secret trouble seemed the only thing which I longed to do."

"But it happened one day that father met the husband of my ballroom chaperon. That lady, who had called, of course, had been urged to secrecy by my mother. She, good woman, did not believe in having any secrets from her husband, so told him, and he, forgetting or ignoring her caution, when he encountered my father inquired if the case of missing diamonds had turned up."

"I saw when my father entered my room that day that he knew at last, and before mother returned he was in full possession of all that I knew about the gems."

"But, oh, father," I said in conclusion, "mother has behaved like an angel! Say or do what you like to me, but do not cross to her, for I cannot bear it, even though she will not believe that I put the case of diamonds, or rather dropped it out of my hand over the edge of the cornice, on to the top of the wardrobe."

"To my surprise my father started, and all the gravity left his face. "It's all right, child," he said. "You dropped the case on the top of the wardrobe, and I would swear that this moment the missing gems are reposing in the dust of ages on the false bottom of that precious old wardrobe. You and your mother might have saved yourselves a good deal of suffering if you had told me of this a week ago."

"At this moment mother came into the room, and when he had spoken to her he walked toward the wardrobe, hitching up the knees of his trousers as he went. The next thing I knew he was down on his side on the floor, and after considerable effort he slipped aside a metal button or something which gave a little click similar to the noise which I heard when the case of diamonds dropped from my hand on to the wardrobe top. I could see from where I lay on my couch a little hinged board hanging down. Then father turned over on his back and groped with his fingers as far as he evidently could reach, and in a few minutes held out with a very dusty hand the missing case of diamonds."

"It is needless to say that I got well at once, and mother let father put her diamonds in the bank for safe keeping. An eccentric aunt of my father's had had the wardrobe built. At the side of the cornice there was a piece of board with a spring that covered a recess between the inside shell and the outside of the wardrobe, which recess ran from top to bottom. Father had heard of it as a child and investigated it when a growing boy, but had forgotten it until I mentioned that I had dropped the case. Then he remembered and knew at once what had become of the missing diamonds, and that," said grandma in conclusion, "is why I do not care for the gems."

"—Hayden Ingram in Philadelphia Times."

His Inspiration.

Sho—I have just read your poem, Mr. Scribners. It is too lovely for anything. You must have been inspired when you wrote it.

He—Well, I was pretty hungry.—Harlem Life.

—Two little pigs caused contention between a couple of neighboring farmers in Shannon county, Mo. Each claimed both pigs. They went to law about them, and when the costs had amounted to \$30 the litigants compromised by each taking a pig.

—When the Americans took possession of Ponce, Porto Rico, these were the first results: A free newspaper, the first ever published in that island. A Board of Health, the first ever established in that island. To disperse mental and physical miasmas, to enable a people to become mentally and physically well, these two typical American results are the prime essentials. The rest is detail.

Kidney disease is the enemy we have most to fear as a result of the feverish restlessness of our much vaunted modern civilization. It is a treacherous enemy, working out its deadly effect under cover of the most trifling symptoms. The first indication of changes in the urine, frequent headaches, digestive troubles, should be the signal for prompt remedial measures. Prickly Ash Bitters is a kidney remedy of superlative merit; it is soothing, healing and strengthening, quickly relieves the aching or soreness that always appears in the advanced stages, checks the progress of the disease and through its excellent cleansing and regulating effect in the stomach, liver and bowels, it brings back the strength and ruddy glow of vigorous health. Sold by Evans Pharmacy.

—The sea covers nearly three-fourths of the earth's surface.

SOUGHT ANOTHER DRUG CLERK.

A Nervous Chicago Woman's Worst Fear Confirmed.

The woman with the distempered imagination had been reading a good deal in the papers about the incompetency of drug clerks in general, and when she took her proscription down to the corner dispensary to have it filled she concluded it would be a wise move to do a little investigating on her own hook and find out whether or not the attendant knew his business.

"I see," she said, holding the piece of folded paper firmly between thumb and finger and preparing to resist any attempt that might be made to wrest it from her forcibly, "that an examination of the methods employed by you young men and your instructors has produced a good deal of a stir. As I understand it the most of you are deficient not only in practice, but in theory as well. Is that so?"

She struck a clinching question in the beginning, and the young man, who was especially sore on a point that had been raked over with burning coals for several days past, looked tired and sighed audibly.

"I believe there is something in it," he said politely.

"I have a prescription here," the woman went on, still grasping the paper tightly, "but I feel a little squeamish about giving it to you. Unless you feel sure that you can tell from the doctor's Latin just what ingredients the medicines will contain and will know them when you see them and will be able to mix them in the proper proportion I don't want you to touch it. I haven't had anything to do with drug stores for a good while, and I don't intend to run the risk of being poisoned. If you can't do it, say so."

The clerk leaned heavily against the showcase and said that he had been filling 100 bottles, more or less, every day for the last six years, and that he thought he was qualified to wait on her. He added, however, that if she was afraid to risk it might be advisable for her to go elsewhere. She considered the latter proposition for a little while. Then, evidently being won over by his straightforward way of going at things, she decided to trust him.

"I think," she said, reluctantly yielding the prescription to him, "that you will do as well as any of them. I ask as a special favor, however, that you give me permission to watch you while you are putting it up. I consider it nothing more than a proper safeguard in view of the reports that are going round."

The clerk hesitated.

"It is something decidedly out of the ordinary," he answered doubtfully, "but if you insist I have no objection personally."

From a box beneath the counter he took a four ounce bottle and filled it with a colorless liquid from a glass jar on a shelf behind him. He commenced to paste on a label, but the woman stopped him.

"I'm afraid," she chirped, fluttering around nervously, "that you are not doing that right. You are too careless. You are not measuring or mixing anything. I wish you would wait till the boss comes."

The clerk made a grab for his breath, which seemed fast deserting him under such a heavy pressure, and dropped the four ounce bottle to the counter.

"Madam," he said faintly, "you may wait for the boss, or you may take this prescription to another drug store, or you may burn it and go without the medicine altogether. It won't make a particle of difference, for this calls for nothing but water. We've got water here—distilled water, filtered water and boiled water. You can take whichever brand you like best, or you can get lake water at home free of cost. Use your own judgment in the matter."

The woman picked up her prescription and took it to the drug store on the opposite corner.—Chicago News.

Legend of the Sparrow.

The Greek church people of Russia regard swallows as being sacred birds, but kill sparrows whenever the opportunity affords.

They declare that the swallows ministered to Jesus while he was hanging on the cross, but that the sparrows tore his flesh and did their best to pluck out his eyes. On this account they say that the sparrow's legs are invisibly bound, which causes their gait to be a succession of painful hops. In this way is the sparrow doomed to move about until the day of judgment.—Philadelphia Record.

Coconut Butter.

A company has been formed in Paris, it is stated, to make butter out of coconuts. It has a plant calculated to produce 4,000 pounds of butter a day. Surely the most profitable plant on record! The bread fruit tree is fairly productive, but this butter "plant" entirely overshadows it. Perhaps a careful grafting might produce a broad and butter tree, which would clearly be a boon to society.—Exchange.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with pain in the chest or side, or a lame back, give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by Hill Orr Drug Co.

—The sea covers nearly three-fourths of the earth's surface.

SACRED MUSIC.

A Few Facts About Its Production and the Forms in Which It Is Sold.

There is a constant production of new sacred music, as of new secular music, and of the sacred music, as with the secular, some succeeds, while by far the greater part does not. Almost every composer except those who devote themselves to the very lightest forms of musical composition has tried his hand at sacred music. A great deal of it is written by church organists. It may be that the minister of the church furnishes the verses. When the work is ready, it is sent to a music publishing house, where it is submitted to an examiner, as a book might be submitted to a reader in a book publishing house or a manuscript to an editor in the office of a newspaper. Sometimes, as has happened with books, a musical composition may for one reason and another be declined by a number of houses and yet finally find a publisher and success.

About three-fourths of the sacred sheet music published is issued in octavo form, in which shape it is very much cheaper than in the ordinary form. The reduction in price has led to an enormously increased demand. The number of chorus choirs is increasing rapidly throughout the country, and there are choral or singing societies in every town and village. Most of the choirs and societies use the octavo music.

While of the sheet music, in its older and more expensive form, they may have bought within a certain period, say one new composition of the much less expensive octavo music, they may perhaps buy within a like period ten new compositions, and when this number is every time multiplied by the number of singers to be supplied some idea of the sale of sheet music in this form may be had. Of sacred sheet music in its various forms there are sold altogether millions of copies annually.

There are not nearly so many successful sacred songs as there are successful secular songs, but some sacred songs have attained great success. A sacred song that becomes popular is of very ready sale and while it may not sell as readily as a popular secular song, it outlasts it, and with its slower but steady sale it may in the end attain a sale as great. Some hymnbooks and religious songbooks have been extremely successful. Of "Gospel Hymns," the book used by Moody and Sankey, millions of copies have been sold, and it still sells steadily. It is said of this book that more copies of it have been sold than of any book except the Bible.—New York Sun.

Social Blunders.

At a reception recently a certain young man got into trouble by joining in a conversation when he knew not with whom he was talking. He was standing near the punch bowl, and two ladies close by were speaking of—well, "Mrs. O'Flounce" will do.

"Oh," said one woman, "only think of having such a name—O'Flounce!" And she shrugged her aristocratic shoulders. "Ugh!" exclaimed her friend, shuddering sympathetically.

"But goodness, ladies, that isn't anything," put in the aforementioned young man. "Just suppose her name were Smith or Brown?"

"Young man," said the first speaker, drawing herself to her full height and looking at him through her lorgnette, "my name is Brown."

The conversation turned upon books, the guest complimenting the hostess upon her magnificent library.

"Yes," chirped the guest's wife. "You have a lot of books, and I see a whole set of encyclopedias. Oh, have you read them all?"—Washington Star.

Anecdote of Drury.

The late M. Drury, an eminent French historian, served, when 60 years old, during the siege of Paris as a private in the national guard. One day M. Jules Simon, a member of the administration, caught sight of a familiar face belonging to one doing sentry go in the uniform of a private soldier. "Is that you, Drury?" he cried.

"To be sure," gruffly.

"And a private?"

"Why not?" said the other laconically. "We can't all be prime ministers."

Sweetheart of "Robin Adair."

"Robin Adair" was written by Lady Caroline Keppel, the daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. Robin was a real character, a young Irish doctor who had been forced by a scandalous adventure to leave Ireland and seek his fortune in England. Chance threw a rich patient in his way, a lady of quality, and at her house he met Lady Caroline, and the result was a case of love at first sight on both sides. Her parents objected and sent her away, and during her absence she produced the song.

The marigold goes to sleep with the sun and remains quiescent until sunrise.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

—People who are too honest to steal outright, will borrow and never pay back.

ANTISEPTICS IN FOOD.

Their Too Free Use Implies a Large Exhibit of Poisons Than Is Wise.

The recent prosecution for selling orange wine containing a little over three grains to the pint of salicylic acid suggests the propriety of discussing shortly the general question of preserving foods by antiseptics. Wines are sulphured and doctored with salicylic acid, fluoroboric acid and fluosilicic acid. To milk in hot weather all sorts of antiseptics are added, the chief being boracic acid, varied of late by the addition of formalin. Boracic acid or borax is also the favorite antiseptic for butters. It may, indeed, be stated generally that all decomposable articles not sterilized by boiling or preserved from change by cold are liable to be treated with small quantities of antiseptics. There may not be in any one article a percentage sufficient to cause, when given in a single dose, appreciable effect, but a person taking boraxed milk and butter for breakfast and tea and a salicylated wine for dinner will be consuming day by day a sufficient amount of active drugs to produce some effect on his health.

Salicylic acid is a poison. In 1878 a case happened in which so small a dose as three grains (40 grains) caused death in 40 hours. Possibly the acid was impure. In three other cases in which decided and dangerous symptoms were produced the dose was much larger, being 15, 22 and 50 grains respectively. Salicylic and benzoic acids are therapeutically attenuated phenols. Phenol being most poisonous, then comes salicylic acid, and lastly benzoic acid. What the effect of small doses of salicylic acid, say 5 grains daily, may be is at present a matter of conjecture. We know that most of it is excreted by the kidneys united with glycochol, and also that it is a substance which readily enters into combination, forming a variety of aldehydes and esters, the physiological effects of which are not precisely the same as the free acid. It is conceivable that small quantities of salicylic acid, when they come in contact with the intestinal and gastric juices, are in this way changed. It is also possible that long bottling of a wine with salicylic acid will change the acid into salicylic ester or salicylic aldehyde. Schmitt, for instance, has found that, although Rhine wines contain no free sulphurous acid, the greater portion having combined with aldehyde, forming aldehyde sulphurous acid.

Be this as it may, the growing use of antiseptics constitutes a possible danger to health. Persons with sound excretory organs have for years daily taken chemicals of the kind in their food without injury, yet it can be confidently predicted that other persons with damaged or weak kidneys will be affected by minute doses. It must also be remembered that digestion in the intestines is carried on to a great extent by what, outside the intestines, would be recognized as a fermentative or putrefactive process. In short, just as the nourishment of a number of plants depends on the microbes around their rootlets, so the assimilation of our own nourishment depends to a large degree on the activity of hosts of colonies of microbes in the intestinal canal. All antiseptics, even in minute quantity, will inhibit the activity of these colonies or affect unequally various species, the net result in ordinary individuals being an impairment of digestion or an actual dyspepsia.—British Medical Journal.

Lemon Juice For Nose Bleeding.

Dr. E. T. Burton speaks highly of the use of lemon juice as a hemostatic. In a severe case of epistaxis, in a phthisic young man with copious hemorrhage from both nostrils, after injection of a solution of lemon juice and water (one-fourth into the nose with an ordinary glass syringe) the hemorrhage ceased. In a case of hematemesis in a woman of 30 years, in whom all the usual remedies had failed, the hemorrhage ceased at once after employment of pure lemon juice. It returned, however, the next day, but was readily controlled by the use of this simple remedy, so that she rapidly convalesced. In a case of intestinal hemorrhage in typhoid it was also given with equally favorable results, for it ceased as if by magic. The patient died, however, from exhaustion. In the last two cases there was violent vomiting, and everything except the lemon juice was ejected.—Nursing World.

After Long Years.

After long years work is visible. In agriculture you cannot see the growth. Pass that country two months after and there is a difference. We acquire firmness and experience incessantly. Every action, every word, every meal, is part of our trial and our discipline. We are assuredly ripening or else blighting. We are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul. We only count the shocks in our journey. Ambitions die; grace grows as life goes on.—Frederick W. Robertson.

The throwing of air-slacked lime about the poultry yards will often prevent disease; the vermin will be destroyed by dusting roosts, walls and floors with this penetrating, purifying powder. It is also a benefit in the enteric runs. Use it liberally.

—Late Parent—"Tell that young fellow that he must cease his visits here. I forbid him the house." Daughter—"But, papa, he doesn't want the house; it's me that he's after."

Fine Figure

Many women lose their girlish forms after they become mothers. This is due to neglect. The figure can be preserved beyond question if the expectant mother will constantly use

Mother's Friend

during the whole period of pregnancy. The earlier its use is begun, the more perfectly will the shape be preserved. Mother's Friend not only softens and relaxes the muscles

during the great strain before birth, but helps the skin to contract naturally afterward. It keeps unsightly wrinkles away, and the muscles underneath retain their pliability.

Mother's Friend is that famous external liniment which banishes morning sickness and nervousness during pregnancy; shortens labor and makes it nearly painless; builds up the patient's constitutional strength, so that she emerges from the ordeal without danger. The little one, too, shows the effects of Mother's Friend by its robustness and vigor.

Sold at drug stores for \$1 a bottle. Send for our finely illustrated book for expectant mothers.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Notice Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Executor of the Estate of Mary A. Glenn, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 10th day of December, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Executor.

Nov 9, 1898. J. L. TRIBBLE, Exr.

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of William Simpson, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will on the 2nd day of December, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Executor.

JOSEPH R. SIMPSON, Adm'r.

Nov 2, 1898.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

County of Anderson.

IN COURT OF PROBATE.

G. W. Sullivan, Administrator of John L. Savage, deceased, Plaintiff, against Jeannette R. Savage, Mary E. Duncan, John Meeklin, James Meeklin, Ellen Norris, David Meeklin, John Zimmerman, John T. Baker, Sarah W. Perkins, Foster Baker, Dickson Baker, Laura Bowers, Mary Bowers, Jane V. C. Steward, Robert W. Steward, John L. McDevell, James S. McDevell, Carrie McDevell, Laura E. McDevell and Thomas M. McDevell, Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Consent not served.

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Probate Judge of Anderson County, S. C., and to serve a copy of your answer to said Complaint on the subscriber at his office, Williamston, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated October 29th, A. D. 1898.

Witness: R. M. BARNES, Judge of Probate.

J. C. FEATHERSTON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

To the absent Defendants Mary E. Duncan, John T. Baker, Sarah W. Perkins, Foster Baker, Dickson Baker, Laura Bowers, Mary Bowers, Jane V. C. Steward, Robert W. Steward, John L. McDevell,